

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

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## SELECTED POETRY.

From the Charleston News.

## The Autumn of Life.

The year leaves of autumn around us are falling.  
All nature is shrouded in darkness and gloom;  
As fast as the trees their gay foliage are shedding,  
So fast do we mortals pass on to the tomb.  
It shows the brief time that to nature is given,  
To grow and to bloom in full vigor and strength;  
And like trees doth there come o'er our lifetime  
A season when we, too, must die and be forgotten at length.  
But as trees of the forest again bloom in beauty  
And nature looks cheerful and happy and gay,  
So will those who on earth have performed every duty,  
Arise to the joys of a happier day,  
Where no changes of time or season comes o'er us,  
But where our life is one springtime of joy,  
Where no winter of care or affliction disturbs us,  
And all there is peacefulness without alloy.

## MISCELLANY.

## Blue Ridge Railroad.

We make the following extract from the report of Judge Frost, President of the Blue Ridge Railroad Company to the meeting of the Stockholders in Charleston on the 10th inst:

"It is shown that the grading in South Carolina is more than double the grading in Tennessee, with the same length of road; and is nearly equal to the whole grading in North Carolina and Tennessee, one hundred and twenty-six miles. The tunneling in South Carolina exceeds all the tunnels on the line; and the bridge and arch masonry in South Carolina is nearly equal to all the bridge and arch masonry of the whole road. The cost of the road in South Carolina and Georgia, which is 70 miles in length, and thirty-five per cent. of the distance to Knoxville, is fifty-eight per cent. of the estimated cost of the whole road. With a knowledge of these facts, the slow progress of the track-laying should not excite disappointment or discouragement.

By the time the embankment and bridge across Seneca are finished, the grading to Wallalla can be made ready for the iron, and the grading as far as Franklin, in North Carolina, can be completed as soon as the tunnels in South Carolina and Georgia.

Col. Gwynn in his report states, that if the entire line of the road can be put under contract, in January next, it may be finished to Wallalla, in a year and a half; in three years to the Locust Stake, and in four years to Knoxville. For very full and detailed information respecting the construction and progress of the road, reference is made to that report.

"From very careful and detailed tables of the cost and construction of the road, to this time, made by Colonel Gwynn, it is shown that his original estimate of the cost of the entire road will not be exceeded. Although some sections and parts of the construction exceed the estimate for those particular sections or parts of the work, yet the excess is more than compensated by saving on other sections and parts of the work; and the result justifies confidence that the road will be finished within the estimate.

"Whatever reasonable deduction may be made from the sum total, the means originally provided, were sufficient for the construction of the road under the contract with Bangs & Co. They agreed to take payment one half in cash, one-fourth in the mortgage bonds of the Company, and one-fourth in stock. It became certain from the conduct of the contractors, during the latter part of the year 1855, and the beginning of 1856, that they had neither the ability nor the intention to construct the road. The facts which forced this conclusion are fully stated in the report to the Stockholders in 1856. In April, 1856, Bangs & Co. were dismissed from the work. It then became necessary to supply, by cash, one-fourth of the cost of the road, for which payment was to be made to the contractors, in stock, and the loss on the sale of the bonds, which they were to take in payment at par. In December, 1856, the President was heard at the bar of the House of Representatives, on a petition from the Company which was then under consideration. He explicitly stated that in consequence of the failure of Bangs & Co., to perform their contract, it was necessary to provide two millions of dollars, in addition to the means possessed by the Company, for the completion of the road. The House of Representatives were told that the City of Charleston could contribute no more—that nothing could be expected from Georgia, which had a rival road, completed at the expense of the State—nor from North Carolina, which had contributed more than three millions for the construction of a competing road to divert the trade sought by the Blue Ridge Road, into the State of North Carolina; and that, although further aid might be hoped for from the State of Tennessee, it could not be relied on; and that, in the last resort, the State of South Carolina must be prepared to supply the deficient two millions of dollars; and the President advised that, if the State was not prepared to provide the required amount, they should stop the road at once, and not spend any more money fruitlessly. What was said by the President, at the bar of the House, was again brought to the attention of the Legislature in the report of 1857, which was officially communicated to

the presiding officers of the two Houses, and copies of it laid on the tables of the members.

"This statement has been made as a pertinent introduction of the financial condition of the company. From the exhibit of its resources, it appears that the balance of the State and City subscriptions, and of individual subscriptions, in South Carolina, amount to \$702,178.70. The means provided by the North Carolina and Tennessee Companies must be expended for the construction of the Road in those States; so that the balance of the South Carolina and Georgia. They are insufficient to defray the cost of construction during the next year. It will be necessary to invoke the aid of the State, at the next session of the Legislature.

By the Act of 1854, "to grant aid" to the Company, it was provided, in addition to the subscription of one million dollars by the State, that the State would also guarantee the bonds of the company to the amount of one million more, on the condition, however, that the company should produce proof to the Governor of such subscriptions or aid granted, in the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, as would give reasonable assurance of the completion of the road. This condition was satisfactory to the company, at the time, because confidence was then reposed in the ability and purpose of Bangs & Co. to perform their contract. If they had done so, the stock and bonds, which they were to take in payment of the construction of one-half of the road, furnished an ample assurance that the Road could be completed with the means which had been provided. In consequence of their breach of contract, the company cannot furnish the required evidence. The most obvious mode by which the State may grant further aid would be, to dispense with the condition imposed, by the Act of 1854, on the guaranty by the State of the company's bonds, to the amount of one million of dollars.

"It is recommended that a petition for such release be presented by the Company to the Legislature, at its next session.

"On this subject, the company can approach the Legislature with confidence. Two millions added to the six millions already provided, exceeds Col. Gwynn's estimate of the cost of the road by half a million. His estimate for the equipment is not taken into account, because the business of the road will pay for the necessary means of transportation. Two years ago, the Legislature was apprised that the road could not be completed unless its construction was assumed by the State; and a suspension of the work was advised, unless the State was prepared to provide the sum necessary for its completion. If a resolution had then been passed, declaring a want of confidence in the enterprise, the work would have been suspended. Since that time a million of dollars have been expended, fruitlessly, if the State does not grant the company's petition. From the inaction of the Legislature, the company was justified to infer acquiescence in the claim of which they were notified, and certainly the Directors were not authorized to arrest the construction of the road."

CHARLESTON COTTON RECEIPTS.—We clip from the *Mercury*, the following cotton statement for the week ending November 11th:

Received the past week by railroads 14,084 bales; by water and wagons, 691 bales—total, 14,775 bales—(corresponding week last year, 9,588 bales.) Exported in the same time to foreign ports, 7,594 bales; coastwise, 3,232 bales—making the total exports of the week 12,926 bales; and leaving on hand a stock of 74,632 bales, inclusive of 22,556 bales on ship-board not cleared, against a stock of 15,363 bales, and 4,670 bales on ship-board same time last year. The total receipts since our last report amount to 144,723 bales, (against 51,533 bales same time last year,) making a grand total, from the 1st September to the latest dates, of 815,827 bales, against 342,750 bales the same time last year, and 622,020 bales the year previous. Increase since last year, 473,967 bales.

A GOVERNOR NON-PLUSED.—The other night as the Ministers were returning from Conference, on the East Tennessee (Ga.) Railroad, an amusing occurrence took place between Gov. Brown and Parson Brownlow. Just before the cars arrived at Knoxville, Gov. Brown came up, and taking the Parson by the hand, remarked:

"How do you do, brother Brownlow? I am happy to see you."

The courtesy was returned, when the Governor continued:

"I hope you will moderate in all your notions of propriety in regard to your fellow-citizens—live a good Christian—and last, though not least, become a good Democrat."

The Parson, with this eccentric look peculiar to himself, stretched himself up and remarked:

"Governor, an old gentleman of my politics, many hundred years ago, took our Savior upon a mountain and preached just such a sermon."

The outburst of laughter can be better imagined than described.—*Cin. Gazette.*

HAPPINESS GROWS AT OUR OWN FROESIDE, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

## STRICTLY TRUE.

She was a wild little creature, with her pretty, dimpled face full of mischief; always saying extravagant things and giving people wrong impressions, and yet she bore the important title of—Mrs. Dudley Rivington. Her husband, who was decidedly grave and sedate, thought she did not support his name with sufficient dignity, and he sometimes undertook to lecture her on what he considered her "little failings," but with some mischievous reply she was always sure to put to flight his gravity.

Every one wondered how two people so totally unlike as Dudley Rivington and Lizzie Rising had ever been drawn together; but it is a true saying that people like their opposites, and Mr. Rivington, who was at first shocked, then amused by Lizzie's pranks at length found himself in love with the little hoyden; while Lizzie, who stood in considerable awe of this gentleman, gradually found her respect deepening into a different feeling. And so they were married, and, different though they were, no word of discord ever marred their happiness. He bore good naturedly with her mischievous disposition, but at times he would cast about in his own mind for some way to cure her.

"My dear," said Mr. Rivington, one day as he entered the apartment where his bride was sitting, "I have heard something very strange."

"What is it?" asked Lizzie.

"I have heard that your parents were very much opposed to our union, and that we were obliged to elope at night by jumping out of the back window, and that then we had gone immediately to the clergyman, and had been married without the knowledge of our parents, who, in consequence, had disinherited you, and had refused to have anything to do with you."

"How very strange!" exclaimed Lizzie, "how could such a report have originated?"

"Have you not heard something in fun which might have given rise to it?"

"No," said Lizzie, thoughtfully, and then she added, "Oh, now I remember. The other day, when Sally Brewster was here—you know she has a perfect horror of old gentlemen—she asked me in her innocent way, how I came to marry a person so much older than myself. 'For my own part,' said she, 'I never should wish to marry an old man, and pa and ma would let me if I did.' She is such an honest little creature, and always takes everything so literally that I wished to astonish her, so I replied 'I sprang out of a back window at night, when my parents were asleep, and I was married quite early the next morning.' I suppose that must have been the way the story originated, and it has gained, of course, by circulation."

"But Lizzie, what did possess you to say such a thing?" continued Mr. Rivington. "Only for mischief. I meant to have undeceived her before she left me, but I forgot it."

"Do you think it right to say what is not true, even in fun, Lizzie?" asked her husband, with a grave look.

"But it was strictly true; Dudley, for do you not recollect my telling you that the night before we were married, I became alarmed by the cry of fire next door, and I sprang out of the window which was near the ground, and as soon as the first feeling of fear was over, I returned to waken my father and mother."

"What you said then was true in the letter but was it so in the spirit?" asked Mr. Rivington, as he gazed earnestly into his wife's face.

"Now, grandpa," said Lizzie, as she stroked down his whiskers, "please don't preach a sermon for I was only in fun when I said it, and I think people might understand me; every one is so dreadfully matter of fact."

"But, when you make your assertions with so grave a face you must expect people to think that you mean what you say."

Lizzie laughed, and wondered what made her husband so very solemn, and wished that he was a little more playful; while he in his turn wished that his wife was not quite so full of spirits. But he had still considerable annoyance to go through with, before Lizzie gave up this "little failing."

It was in vain that he talked to her about dignity; her eyes would dance with mischief as she hastened to him.

One day he went up to his wife as she was looking out of the window, and, putting his arm around her, inquired why she was looking out so wistfully.

"I was searching for some blue sky, or sunshine, for I am perfectly crazy to go out a little way this afternoon."

"That is said," said her husband, with an air of mock solemnity, "for I believe there is no lunatic asylum very near here."

"Now, Mr. Solomon, do be quiet! there is no comfort in telling one's troubles to you; I suppose you would have me say that I should rather like to go, wouldn't you?"

"You might express it rather more strongly than that, Lizzie, without being quite so extravagant; you will certainly get yourself into trouble if you continue to talk in this style, saying things you do not mean. It was only this morning that I had failed and my wife was teaching a school; do you know how the report originated?"

"No, I am sure I do not."

"Are you certain that it was not some of your mischief? Think."

Lizzie blushed as she replied evasively, "I suppose it might have been through Mrs. A. is, she is such a gossip."

"But what should give her the right?" "Why it was probably from the 225th of mine. I had forgotten about it until you spoke; really she is so prying she provokes me."

"But what was your remark?" asked her husband smiling.

"It was something I said the other day, when she came in and found me seated in the midst of a number of neighbor's children who had come in for the purpose of learning to crochet a mat. She looked astonished at seeing such a circle of little people; and I said laughingly, 'I have turned teacher,' whereupon she asked, in a surprised tone, 'Have you?' And when I saw that she believed me to be in earnest, I said very gravely, 'Yes.' Then she inquired if my husband had failed, and as I recollected that it was only that very morning that you had failed in your attempts to get on your new coat, which was too small for you, I answered her in the affirmative. I quite enjoyed the good lady's look of eager curiosity, as she received this piece of information, and she soon took her departure, but I never thought of her telling it round."

"That was certainly a very good foundation for the report, she could not have wished for a better," said Mr. Rivington ethely.

"What I said was perfectly true, Dudley, but it was really very ridiculous of the woman to take me so literally."

"I am afraid my dear, that your fun will give me considerable trouble."

"I am very sorry," said Lizzie, and she raised her sweet childish face to his.

And he bent down to imprint a kiss on her rosy lips, he felt half tempted to give up the plan which he had formed for preventing further mischief, and he remembered the many times that her love of fun had drawn them into trouble, and with an effort he resolved to carry it through.

"I shall have to leave you for a few days, my dear."

"Leave me?" she exclaimed, "for what?" "I am obliged to go to A. to-morrow morning, on business, but I will make my stay as short as possible."

It was with a heavy heart that Lizzie retired that night. She could not bear the thought of being separated from her husband even for a few days, and her ever active imagination conjured up all sorts of dreadful things which might happen to one or the other of them before they should meet again. But it was necessary for him to go, and the next morning she followed him to the door, and received his parting kiss, and then returned to the room to cry. But her spirits were not easily depressed for a long time, and she soon dried her tears and busied herself about the house, thinking all the time how pleasant it would be to have him return when the few days had expired.

In the afternoon the bright sun seemed to invite her out for a walk, and she accordingly went. She met a number of her friends, but none bowed coldly, while others passed her by with a scornful look. At one time she discovered two ladies conversing together and looking at her. What could it mean? Then she caught the words—

"Very strange, is it not?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but then they were so unsuited to each other, that one can scarcely wonder at it."

"That is true," continued the first, "he is so very grave, and she so full of mischief."

As Lizzie walked quietly on, wondering what they could mean, and if it was possible that they referred to her, she lost the remainder of the conversation. Then the words reached her from another direction—

"I should not think she would like to be seen out so soon."

And again—"I think it was her extravagance that drove him off."

Lizzie returned to her home feeling sick at heart, and earnestly longing for her husband to come back to her. What she had heard puzzled her; she felt sure that some false report had been circulated, but how she could not tell. While she was musing on this subject the door opened, and Mrs. A. was announced. Lizzie rose to receive her visitor, who remarked in a commiserating tone—

"You poor little creature! I have come in on purpose to console you."

"Thank you," said Lizzie, mistaking her meaning. "I almost think I need condolence, being left alone in this great house with only the servants."

"Yes," continued Mrs. A., "but you may be sure that every one will take your part, for people always do sympathize with the ladies, you know. I think he was a perfect wretch to leave you, and so soon, too."

Her meaning began to break upon Lizzie's mind, and she exclaimed almost fiercely, "Of whom are you speaking?"

"Mr. Rivington," replied Mrs. A., in some surprise at Lizzie's excited manner. "I heard that he had quarreled with you, and that was the reason of the separation; and knowing that you must feel lonely, I hastened to offer my sympathy, trusting that you would excuse the intrusion."

Our heroine drew herself up with considerable dignity, as she replied, "Allow me to say that you have been quite misinformed; this is the first that I have heard of any quarrel, and the separation was caused by some business which has called my husband away for a few days."

Mrs. A. hastened to apologize, and

soon after left the house. Then came honest little Sally Brewster, who threw her arms around Lizzie's neck, and exclaimed in a tone of sincere sympathy—

"My poor, dear Mrs. Rivington! how sorry I do feel for you!"

"Why do you feel sorry for me, Sally?" asked Lizzie, in a calm tone.

"Oh, because—because—you know why," said Sally, hesitatingly.

"I know nothing about me to excite sympathy, except that I have been left alone for a few days, in consequence of my husband having been called away on business."

Sally replied in a tone of surprise, "Why, I was informed—that—that—"

"That my husband and I had quarreled and separated," said Lizzie.

"You have heard of the report, then, and it is not true?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard of it, and I have also been condoled with, but I cannot imagine what give rise to such an idea."

Sally did not hurry away as Mrs. A. had done, and Lizzie found it a comfort to have a friend with her. She was obliged to receive visits of condolence all the afternoon, and in the evening her gentleman friends came to "offer their sympathies," as they said, but Lizzie thought it was rather to satisfy their curiosity, and she wished herself anywhere rather than in a country village. Every one expressed such deep sorrow for her, that she almost began to think she must be a very unhappy being, and she became wrought up to a feeling of wretchedness; she did not dare to venture out, and at length excused herself positively to all visitors.

This state of affairs continued until the return of Mr. Rivington, which took place some time before his wife had anticipated. He came to meet her, and throwing her arms around her, burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" he asked, as he kissed her affectionately.

"Oh, Dudley," sobbed Lizzie, "there has been such a strange report circulated throughout the whole place—they said that you and I had quarreled, and that was the reason that you had gone away and left me!"

A quizzical air came over Dudley's face as he replied:

"What very strange reports, my dear, gain credence. How could this have arisen, do you know?"

"I have not the slightest idea; I am sure it could not have been from anything that I have said, this time."

Dudley passed his hand thoughtfully across his face, as he observed slowly—

"Could it have been from a remark that I made on the morning I left you? I recollect now meeting one of the neighbors, who inquired how you were. I replied that you were very well when I last saw you. But then we had a few words together and separated. I noticed that he looked rather surprised at my answer."

"Oh, Dudley! how could you?" exclaimed Lizzie.

"Why, my dear, I was only in fun, and then besides, it was strictly true; but people are so very matter of fact—any one might have known that I would not leave you, no matter for how short a time, without having a few parting words with you."

"But it has placed me in such a very strange position. I did not think that of you, Dudley."

Mr. Rivington folded his little wife in his arms, and asked to be forgiven. Lizzie had generosity enough to see how much trouble she had often been the cause of bringing upon him in a similar way; and now, in her turn, she laughed heartily over the mortification she had suffered.

Her husband's remedy proved a most effectual one, and from that time she was more careful to reserve truth in the spirit as well as in the letter, of what she said.

## The Policy for Peace and Harmony.

The *National Intelligencer*, some time since, published an article in which it held the Democratic party responsible for the slavery agitation. It reminded us very much of the fable of the blind and the lamb. We commented on it, and elicited a long vindictory reply. The South, on this question, has been defensive. The Democratic party, to preserve its existence as a party, was simply compelled to assume a position in favor of the constitutional rights of the South. Had it longer refused, it would have been discarded by the South, as was the Whig party, and been, side by side with it, sunk in the sleep of death. The party has accomplished a great mission, and, in giving supremacy to State Rights, can justly claim to have done more for the Union than any other party. A National Bank, internal improvement, distribution, a superfluous revenue, and an extravagant tariff, all questions of centralizing tendency, and dangerous to State Rights, have been overthrown. The Missouri restriction has been removed, the Dred Scott decision extends the protection of the Courts to slavery in the Territories, and a specific population will hereafter be required for admission. If, therefore, the South is to be a free territory, but by the natural course of population. If we are defeated in this way, we may regret it, but we cannot prevent it. The South has succeeded in tying the hands of the Federal Government; and as by legal enactments it cannot exclude slavery, even if not, nor do we desire it to, because its champion,

and force it on any community. The *Intelligencer*, although it opposed the South and the Democratic party in their long contest for this consummation, acquiesces in its action.

We freely confess that the extension of slavery without a fresh accession of slave labor will be slow, and that, therefore, in or out of the Union, the balance of power against the South must continue. Its extension is only to be effected by a re-opening of the foreign slave trade. In doing this, however, we would weaken it where it now exists. As we regard strength of more importance than expansion, we shall not sacrifice it to obtain the latter. More territory does not confer national greatness and strength. These are the results of compactness and development. Great Britain, with the barriers of nature to limit her expansion, stands as a prominent illustration of this idea. France, too, has relinquished the Napoleonic fallacy that expansion of her empire is necessary to her greatness. The South has territory sufficient. She now wants development. Favored with an institution which no other nation possesses, endowed with a climate and soil adapted to the production of more of the necessities of life than any other, she holds the world in dependence. She is satisfied with her achievements, and if the North desires peace, she can obtain it by stopping agitation and acquiescing in the policy of adhering to those fundamental principles of States Rights, upon which alone the Union can repose safely and quietly. We commend the same policy to our respected contemporary.—*South Carolinaian.*

## Interesting Literary Event.

The bargain just entered into between Mr. Everett and the great Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, referred to in yesterday's Express is the most interesting literary event of the day. It forcibly establishes two things, which it may be worth while to consider for a moment.

The first is that Mr. Everett is thoroughly in earnest in his desire to secure the Mansion and Tower of Washington, for the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association. There have been a few shallow critics, anxious to gain notoriety for themselves, like the editor of the Saturday Press, of New York, whose flippant remarks we quoted the other day, who have not only challenged the generally received opinion of the *Ledger* which Mr. Everett has again and again repeated, but have called in question his motive in appearing so often before the public. They affected to see a liking for immediate appiagnage under the laborious mission he had taken upon himself, and to doubt whether a sincere wish to further the cause of the Mount Vernon purchase prompted him so much as a selfish and unworthy love of the plaudits of the multitude. But in this matter of the "Mount Vernon Papers," which he is to contribute during the coming year, to the columns of the New York *Ledger*, there can be no question that Mr. Everett has shown himself altogether disinterested, or if any incentive of a personal nature operate with him, it is an honorable ambition to link his name with that of the Paper Patriotic for all times. Of literary fame it cannot be possible that Mr. Everett is desirous, for this he has already won in degree high enough to satisfy any man. But one conclusion can be reached by all who consider the contract he has made with the *Ledger*, and this is that Mr. Everett is willing to do anything he can, consistently with the strictest line of propriety, to secure the end, which the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association have in view.

The second thing established by the bargain, is that the secret of all business success is advertising. Here is a man giving his check for ten thousand dollars, who five years ago was but a moderately endowed workman. He is the proprietor of a weekly journal, which, we do him no injustice in saying, is far inferior to a literary point of view, to a dozen or more such publications in the United States, but which he has contrived to work up into a circulation that exceeds all credibility. And how has he done this?—Simply by keeping it before the million in the advertising columns of the newspapers. While other men were paying for public notice, he was spreading his advertisements over whole broadsides of the daily press. No man could read a journal in the morning, without becoming fully acquainted with the extraordinary attractions of the New York *Ledger*.

As of old, the woods and the floods, and the hollow mountains rung with the name of Eurydice, so for the last eighteen months the streets and the hotels, and the steamboats, have resounded with the cry of "LEDGER!" from a thousand newsboys, and the name of Bonner has met the universal public eye in every journal that one could take up. No matter if the contributions to the *Ledger* were not of the highest excellence, still the papers were sold as fast as Bonner could print them, for out of the three or four millions of persons who read his advertisements daily, there was a proportion of two or three per cent. who bought the *Ledger* from sheer curiosity, and this gave him a large circulation from the very start. What Bonner has done it is in the power of any one else to do. If a man has goods to sell, let him advertise them. Let him keep the public advised of the fact that he continues his business from year to year. Somebody has well said that ceasing to advertise is equivalent to taking down one's sign. Bonner has pointed out the way to wealth, whatever may be a man's business—it lies directly through the advertising columns of the newspapers.—*Peterburg Express.*

WITKELY'S DOINGS.—Isaac Vandyne, of Belmont county, Ohio, killed his wife, Ann Vandyne, on the 30th ult., by stabbing him with a pocket knife. The cause of the murder was whiskey.